





# Hamburg Is Big Free Port and City

## Part of Its Great Harbor Leased by Landlocked Czechoslovakia.

Washington. — Announcement that landlocked Czechoslovakia has leased a sector of Hamburg's vast harbor is a reminder of two aspects of Germany's proud port which always arouse interest among American visitors. One is the fact that the National Geographic society.

"Hamburg is a free port, and Hamburg is a free city," the bulletin explains. "And he who sees Hamburg quickly learns that both appellations have practical consequences."

"The visitor starts forth, wisely enough, to see Hamburg's best advertised spectacle, its harbor. He finds it has not been overrated. It is one of the most amazing industrial spectacles in the world; that vast sweep of cluttered water, pierced by hundreds of land fingers separating the rectangular water sheets which are basins, skylined by monster skeletons of mighty ships in the building, often smoke-screened by the chimney outpourings of myriad factories."

"For six miles along the broad Elbe, 75 miles up-river from the sea, extend the massive docks, the hippodrome landing stages, the intricate jumble of cranes, derricks and elevators. The landing stages are necessary because Hamburg has an 'open harbor,' accessible to the tide, in contrast to the dock-hadma and flood-gates of the port of London."

**Ferry for Sightseeing.** "A ferry is the proper sightseeing vehicle. For the port is a 15-square-mile area, strewn with every type of modern vessel, from the gargantuan S. S. Europa (still under repair from the ravages of a mysterious fire) down through large barges, alert yachts, energetic motor boats, chugging tugs, and busy ferries."

"You have your pass, of course," inquires the master of the 'circular ferry'—the 'circular' applying to the trip, not the craft."

"A pass, what for?" "A part of this harbor is a free port, sir," patiently explains the boatman. "And you will wish to come back."

"You get your pass, your boatman threads his way for miles and miles through a floating traffic, but orderly, jam that makes crossing Fifth avenue seem child play to the landlubber mind. You visit the free port, then your ferry heads back toward your embarkation place. On the way you pull up at what seems to be a customs house, displaying a sign which marks the free port limits. You show your pass; the boat is searched."

"I see how it is about that pass," a passenger admits. "But why the search? Obviously we haven't aboard a bale of cotton, or a tractor, or a nice, new American auto."

"Ah, no, but one might have—mind you, I am not saying you would have—one might have a bottle of English whisky somewhere about," tactfully explains the boatman in his painstaking English.

"Just like home," succumbs the American.

**"Bargain Counter,"** of Baltic. "But, all joking to one side, as one of your homeland humorists puts it, you have just seen one key to the prosperity of the foremost continental port. The huge free port, with its mammoth warehouses, cluttered with silks from China, beef from Argentina, coffee from Brazil, harvesters from the States, all bearing addresses for transshipment to strange-named Baltic ports, none to pay a cent of duty into Germany's treasury."

"One-third of Hamburg's harbor, you later learn, is given over to this free port; in its zone are employed some 20,000 of the city's 110,000 industrial workers."

"Hamburg entered the German customs union in 1888, thus enabling it to sell its own goods to Germany, tariff free, but its canny senate maintained its free port privileges, which arrangement makes it the great trans-ocean department store of the Baltic."

"A senate in a city? Yes, a senate which clings to its stiff Spanish

dress as loyally as it guards the ancient rights and privileges of the free city—the Free and Hanseatic City of Hamburg."

"There are only three German survivors of that mighty Hanseatic merchandising chain of the Middle ages—Bremen, Lubbeck and Hamburg. Of these three the mightiest is Hamburg."

"Once the senators of Hamburg were elected for life. Their rule of Hamburg was as autocratic, to our modern way of thinking, as that of the Doges of Venice. That has changed now. There is a house of burghers, giving a legislative balance much like that under the United States Capitol dome."

**Senate's Secret Sessions.**

"The senate sits in the town hall. Perhaps you have heard of the famous Ratsenkeller, beneath the central building, with its jolly stone Bacchus frankly enthroned at the entrance to a vestibule adorned with stained glass window portraits of the John Paul Joneses of maritime Hamburg. You climb aloft. The peculiar walls catch your eye. They seem to be of solid wood, most delicately carved and beautifully decorated. Closer examination shows some to be of felt, pressed to the hardness and likeness of wood, with the intricate patterns imposed by a matrix."

"And after a banquet hall that conjures up memories of the belted burghers, the staunch merchants, and the gentlemen adventurers of medieval times you come upon the senate chamber. One feature strikes a home note in the American bosom. This senate, too, has secret sessions. But when it does it retires from the chamber with the visitor's gallery and the press gallery into a smaller chamber that has just one entrance. That entrance is guarded by two massive doors of incredible thickness. And before each of the double doors it posts a guard. No eavesdropping, even through a double barrier of inches-thick mahogany!"

**Torpedo Boats, Jobs and Jails.**

"Hamburg once withstood the attacks of Danish kings. It kept aloof from the Thirty Years' war which cut down the prowess of so many Baltic cities. Away back in the time of Maximilian I it entered the German confederation as a free city, on a parity with other German states. Only yesterday, in its history, in 1923, it experienced a Communist uprising that left a deep impression that Hamburg citizens remember, and bullet holes which the city's buildings attest."

"How was it put down? A visitor inquired."

"Torpedo boats sailed into the harbor. The senate said that all the leaders were given good municipal jobs. But they were locked up on demonstration days, was a citizen's reply."

**Architecture "Modernistic."** "Dating back to Charlemagne, Hamburg is Germany's most modern city. Almost modernistic. The fire of 1842 left few traces of its medieval architecture. Some of its newer office buildings have spiraled sides, in northern search for sunlight; others have contours that make them loom up in Hamburg vistas like a giant ocean liner on entering a narrow harbor."

"In these office buildings are elevators which have dispensed with doors and operators. They run on the chain principle like buckets in a well. They do not stop. One hops on or off as the 'buckets' pass his floor. If one forgets to alight at the right floor, no harm done. Stay on, and the passenger will be carried around the top, or bottom, of the shaft, as on a Ferris wheel."

"Industrial to its finger tips, militantly so, Hamburg is a beautiful city. It leaves a confused impression of Minneapolis and Venice. For the Alster river, en route to the Elbe, plays wide in the midst of Hamburg's gray quarter, giving it the unique spectacle of great office buildings, fine hotels, fashionable shops, all along the lake front. Clerks in the great, gray stone building which is the office of the Hamburg-American line, glancing up from their ledgers, can look out over a glistening sheet of water, flecked with tiny yachts, motor boats, scurrying ferries, racing shells, and 'canoes,' with swans and sea gulls hovering about."

**Front on Lakes; Back on Rivers.**

"By night the hotel visitor can view from his window the moonlit water, rimmed by thousands of electric bulbs, and see tiny, fiery points of light bobbing all over the surface. At one corner are huddled hundreds of canoes, their occupants reclining on cushions, listening to the concert of the Alster pavilion. This sprightly cafe, or coffee house, along the lake front, gathers its daytime patronage from the great department stores of the opposite side of the street."

"If many of Hamburg's offices and homes front on the lakes, others open their back doors on canals. Especially the shops, where barges creeping through the narrow waterways that link the Alster and the Elbe serve as delivery vans from docks to retailers."

"Under the Elbe is a tunnel. Two parallel tubes supplement two mighty bridges in the trans-Elbe traffic. But they are not approached from a level causeway as in our Hudson tunnel. Huge elevators carry pedestrians, vehicles and cyclists—don't forget the cyclists—from the street level to the tunnel entrances. Of course the methodical German has counted the passengers through the tubes. One month's record shows the ratio of 860 pedestrians to every 150 cyclists and 9 vehicles."

"But of all the strange sights of Hamburg, the strangest, perhaps, are the uniforms of the trades unions. One type of ship's carpenter wears a shirt cut with a 'V' that penetrates nearly to the belt line. He has a tiny jacket, and flaring trousers of corduroy. Another branch of the carpenters' union is distinguished by velvet corduroy jackets and trousers and high silk hats. And a third variety one may identify by earrings!"

Even Loring himself could not have told how he had placidly accepted things as they were with no great desire to change them. When the right time came, he told himself, Edith and he would marry. There was no need of speech, they understood each other. All this time, he insisted to himself when his inner self reproached him, she had been free, he had not tied her down to waiting. Yet if she had not waited he knew he could not have endured it.

Edith's married sister was at times outspoken. "You are a fool to let Loring Black monopolize you all this time," she told Edith. "He has no right to cut you off from the rest of the world and do nothing more. He loves you and doesn't know it. It is up to you to bring things to a head. Either marry him or send him away. Or do you expect a miracle to happen?"

Flushed and miserable, Edith had stared out at her and alienated her. Bitterly she told herself that no miracle would happen, nothing would ever change things as they had grown to be. She and Loring would grow old and gray in this lifeless companionship. At times she looked unhappy and there were lines on her face.

And then Loring Black, hectoring by an insistent pain in his side, went to the consulting room of a noted physician, was received by an associated doctor who after an examination and questioning told him to return the next day for the great doctor's advice after he had studied the chart the assistant was even then making out. He was not to worry.

Edith's twenty-four hours later Loring Black ran up the same steps, and was ushered into the inner office. He sat there, handsome, confident and at ease and Doctor Morehead, regarding him, felt the recurrent pang of sorrow that dogged his life work.

"Black," he said after some few words, "I'm going to give it to you straight from the shoulder. It seems impossible, I know—but you've got about six months. There's nothing to be done. Brace up."

It was a gray and misty day and

## Pigeon Plays Piano or Dances to Tune

Regina, Sask.—The only pigeon pianist in Canada is owned by the J. Smith family of Estlin, Sask. The moment he is in the house "Buddy," the family pet, hops onto the piano and begins to walk back and forth across the keys. When a pianist begins to play "Buddy" is always present and dances upon the piano to the strains of the melody.

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## OUT OF THE RUT

(By D. J. Walsh)

WHENEVER there was a party or a new show in town Edith Flaxman knew as a matter of course that Loring Black would ask her to go. Sometimes he even omitted the formality of asking, merely remarking that he'd be around for her at a certain time.

She was thirty years old and since they had been in high school Loring Black always had been her escort. Living so near he was in and out of the house constantly. When they were younger, people had smiled in kindly fashion at their devotion and expected a wedding in a short time, but the expectation had died as the years went on. The rest of their little crowd married and set up their households. Envy the girls she knew were busy with their new furniture and curtains, Edith would have died rather than to admit to any of them that in all this time Loring never once had spoken of marriage. She felt humiliated and at fault.

He cared for her as she was certain and he took her affection for granted. It was a rut in which they traveled, always on the same line, getting nowhere. Deep in her heart for a long time now had been growing fear that nothing ever would change the situation. Popular, handsome, adored by his mother and two sisters, Loring was far too comfortable to feel the urge to change and establish his own home. Life was too kind to him. In fact, she was too kind to him. But determine as she might she never was quite able to carry through any plan to break the shackles of habit, to make other friends among the men, to establish her right to win her own place in life. She had been a pretty girl and was now too handsome a woman to remain unnoticed but, though she fought the fact, no one in her eyes ever measured up to Loring Black, selfish though he might be.

The summer in which she had gone to Europe, bidding him good-bye with a heavy heart and smiling lips, resolved to break away from the chains which held her, Loring had gone down to New York to see her off, had filled her cabin with fruit and books and flowers and had held both of her hands at the gangplank.

"Hurry home, Edith," he had begged her. "This is a terrible idea of yours, this trip! Don't know how I'm going to stand your being away!"

He had looked at each other a trifle breathlessly amid the jostling crowd and then the gong had sounded and he had left her. And that hope died out. All summer she had thought of the time when she should go home and when she did return his unaffected joy at seeing her had swept away all her stern resolutions. Loring was Loring and she would take what was given her thankfully, though she hated herself for what she felt was lack of spirit.

"Loring is never going to marry," his mother was in the habit of saying. "He is too devoted to his sisters and myself. Why should he marry when he has a home like this—run with no trouble and care to himself?"

She said it before him, anxiously when he was younger, proudly as he grew older. She had feared at first that Edith Flaxman would have won him away.

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in the mist and fog Loring Black walked for miles out of the town along the river road. It was a favorite walk in summer of himself and Edith. At the thought of Edith he staggered against a tree and clutching it laid his hot cheek against the rough bark. As a lightning flash revealed the entire landscape down to its smallest details this sword which had slashed his inmost soul revealed blindingly all the long years since Edith and he had been in school, the years during which she had waited and he had let her wait. All that he had missed.

Gray faced, hours later, he went up the walk to his home. There were bright lights in every window, and as his hand touched the doorknob the door flew open.

"Loring!" cried his mother. "Where have you been? We have been so worried—how tired you look! When you've had some dinner you had better call up a Doctor Morehead, who has been telephoning here every half hour since the middle of the afternoon—who is he, Loring?"

Fervently at the phone Loring Black hesitated and then gave the number. There was nothing more that Morehead could tell him that mattered now. Why couldn't he let him alone in his misery?

"Black," came the doctor's crisp tones at the other end of the wire. "I don't know what to say, how to square myself. You must have been going through tortures! That fool assistant of mine had mixed the charts—and I gave you the fate of another man, poor chap! All that tells you is crossed ribs and a slight adhesion—"

For the only time in all his strong life Loring Black faltered.

"Let me alone," he told his mother and hovering sisters when he came to. "I don't want any dinner. I haven't got time. I don't want to rest! I've got to go and see Edith at once!"

He was not conscious of walking the few rods to Edith's front gate, but presently he found himself in the room with her and they were alone and his arms were around her. He held her as though he would never let her go.

"If you can ever forgive me for being a blind and selfish idiot," he begged, "tell me you'll marry me, Edith! Next week—tomorrow! We've waited so much time. Let's drive to the county seat tomorrow and be off on our honeymoon! Right away!"

Looking into his ardent eyes, Edith Flaxman knew that the miracle had in some way happened and was not inclined to question fate. He did love her and that was all that mattered.

"I'll do it, Loring," she told him.

**Books "Balanced" After**

**Forty Strenuous Years**

French authors who had known the elder Dumas, author of "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo," personally, told me this moving story.

When Dumas came to Paris he was very poor; his entire fortune consisted of a 20-franc gold piece. But soon he rose to world fame, made immense sums of money and lived like a king. He spent money profusely, he played the stock market and won and lost hundreds of thousands from one day to another.

But after forty years of luxury, he became a poor man once more. When he was lying on his deathbed a friend of his visited him. The dying man lay on a simple iron cot in a modest, poverty-stricken little room. The doctor had just left him, and Dumas showed his guest the prescription the doctor had written for him.

"I shall have to take this medicine right away," the sick man said in a weak voice.

The friend took the prescription and started to take it down to the pharmacist.

"Wait a second," Dumas said. "You'll need money, too; medicine costs money, like everything else in the world!"

And he opened the drawer of his night cabinet.

"I think I still have enough money for medicine."

After a long search, he did find one single 20-franc gold piece in the drawer. That constituted his entire fortune. He gave it to his friend with a sad smile playing on his lips:

"Forty years ago I arrived in Paris with 20 francs. What a lucky man I am! Look how much I have played the market! And, as you see, I haven't lost anything in forty years!"—Ferenc Molnar in Vanity Fair.

**Fallacy**

Mayor Mackey, of Philadelphia, a university man himself, believes that every boy who wishes it should receive a college education.

"I hope," said the mayor in an interview, "to do something for ambitious youth in my administration. I am a great believer in the benefits of education and I disagree totally with the illiterate millionaire who once said to me:

"These here fellers with a mint of knowledge can never coin it into good hard cash."

**Most Important Thing**

Three passengers in a big sports car were having a lively argument as to whether they would beat a train at a level crossing.

"Don't get excited," cried the driver, "I can do it easily."

"And I say you can't!" yelled the man at the side of the driver. "The train's going a lot faster than we are."

"Well," said the passenger in the rear seat, "I don't care who wins this race, so long as it's not a dead beat—Weekly Scotsman."

## Grace, Beauty in Debutante Styles

### Long Skirt, Normal Waist-line, Dainty Accessories on Fashion List.

The debutante of this season occupies the very center of the fashion stage, the personification of eternal feminine youth and charm pictured in poetry as "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," observes a fashion writer in the New York Times. As a type, she is, perhaps less reluctant than eager today, but she is more feminine as to dress, at least, than the young women who have made their bow during the last ten years. Since it is once more the fashion to accent the feminine quality in dress, the modistes have put forth all their skill to shower grace and beauty on the styles, and one authority has lately ventured the opinion that those of this year will endure.

It marks another of those dramatic and picturesque transitions which make history of dress for women, particularly for the young woman who is just entering the polite world, a fascinating story. The mother of today's debutante, with careful regard for the conventions, came out in a precise and finished, if somewhat upholstered costume of many frills and much crinoline, which emphasized the smallness of her waist; in a modest décolletage and a skirt cut to show but the tip of her slipper or to trail, "whispering softly over velvet carpets."

The type changed to knee-length skirts, formless lines and general neatness, and with this style came also the manner and manners that have been the subject, to say the least, of wide controversy. It is a matter of dressmaking the woman, for, to quote a young member of the elite, "You cannot be a hoyden in long skirts," and certain little ways, expressive of poise and polish, are now once again evident. Obviously, the flapper is out of date.

**White Still in Picture.**

Paradoxically this year's fashions have swung far back in moving forward, for the long skirt, normal waist-line, soft draperies, and dainty accessories are once more in style—although happily lacking the artificiality of a generation ago. The hour-glass figure and the tortuous stays recently unearthed among the relics of 2000 B. C. do not appear, but last-minute designs reveal the contour of the figure with flattering lines that manage to create an impression of the utmost simplicity. The chic debutante is now less of the jeune fille than of the grown-up type.

True, she continues to wear white for the evening debut. But, it is white with a difference. For, next to black, white is now the choice of the sophisticated for their smartest evening frocks and has acquired a worldliness quite unknown to the Victorian era.

Take, for instance, a frock designed for a debutante. It has billowing skirts of white net, covering the ankles, artless garlands of taffeta

leaves appliqued in gold. But for all that, it manages to be the perfect setting for the flower of a complex civilization.

Chanel, also, is doing this type of thing for debutantes. Probably the most talked of frock of the season is her shirred net "No. 5," which is being ordered in black as well as white, and which, while apparently taking its inspiration from the pages of Godey's Ladies Book, is quite the most daring frock of the winter. Shirred bands of the net mold the figure to a point well below the hips, where fullness is released in crisp flounces to the floor. The shirred bands on the skirt curve upward toward the back, in apron effect, and are finished with a huge bustle bow, at the base of the deep V décolletage, which reaches to the waistline.

Another appealing frock is made by Chanel in ruby red velvet for the winter dances. This frock offers more than a hint of the contrasting color, very high waistline, the belt fastened with a jeweled buckle and its long

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## Golden State

The 1930 convention of the State Grange will be held in Napa.

City officials of San Jose are working on an ordinance which will ban unnecessary smoke from the city limits. The ordinance is expected to be quite stringent in its provisions.

For the first time in years, deer have been seen on the plains of Tulare County. Two does, thus far, have ventured from the hills, probably driven out by the dry season, one near Farmersville and one south of Visalia.

The Navy Department has no definite plans for use or disposal of the twenty-two acres of Housing Corporation property in Bay Terrace for the transfer of which a bill is pending in Congress. It was learned in a wire from Washington. It was thought the property might be utilized for an approach to the new causeway between Mare Island and Vallejo projected by the Navy Department.

Fire losses in San Jose during 1929 were nearly cut in half in comparison with the 1928 total, although there were 565 alarms as against 410 in the previous year, according to Fire Chief Charles Plummer's annual report. A total fire loss of \$97,451.13 was reported, an average of \$14.44 per capita, as against a loss of \$178,490.34 in 1928, or \$24.67 per person.

The city of Visalia will do 40 per cent more public work in 1930 than had been previously budgeted, city officials announced in reply from Visalia to President Hoover's call for increased public building. The 1930 public building program will amount to \$140,000.

San Joaquin County's three Superior Court judges selected E. W. Drury from among thirty-two applicants to serve as the county's first jury commissioner and select the names of 400 prospective trial jurors from which jury panels will be drawn in 1930. The salary is \$300 a month, not to exceed \$1500 per year. Drury has resided at Stockton since 1880 and has been in business for forty-four years.

Ending one of the most prolonged routing controversies in state highway history, the State Highway Commission has approved relocation of the section of the Redwood Highway between Cloverdale and Hopland to follow the Russian river in place of the present route over the mountains. The river route is about three miles shorter than the present mountain road, provides excellent grade and alignment, furnishes a scenic highway and will readily respond to future widening.

Radio merchants of Redlands have started another movement for an airtight radio interference ordinance which will do away with the wrecking of radio reception by unshielded electric machines. The radio dealers held a meeting with G. R. Walters, radio inspector of Los Angeles, A. G. Farquharson, secretary of the Radio Trades Association, G. Rex and Leo Meyberg, also officials of the association, and tests were made in the business section showing the great interference from unshielded machines. Leaks and other disturbances were found in great numbers. The merchants will appear before the City Council and urge the passage of an ordinance.

Redwood City has on file a complaint with the railroad commission against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, asking the commission to issue an order requiring the utility to supply all electric energy required by the city for municipal purposes to be delivered at one common meter on a wholesale basis. It is alleged that the company has refused to make such delivery to a common meter and is now delivering power to the city at several different points.

Bid openings and contract awards by the State Department of Public Works and the state architect set in motion a heavy winter building program. Major awards were as follows: Marin County—Construction of a bridge over Corte Madera Creek, at Greenbrae; awarded to the Butte Construction Company, San Francisco, at a price of \$187,339. Shasta County—Construction of six small timber bridges, east of Redding; awarded to R. B. McKensie, Red Bluff, on a bid of \$18,653. San Diego County—Construction of a new library and science building for the San Diego State Teachers' College; awarded to Pettis-Hunt Company, east San Diego, on a bid of \$132,930. Los Angeles County—Building of a physicians' cottage at the Norwalk State Hospital; awarded to G. R. Hyatt, Alhambra, on a bid of \$64,589. Napa County—Construction of a patients' cottage at the Napa State Hospital; awarded to Great E. K. Krenn, Oakland, at a price of \$47,300. The public works department also announced opening of bids on two road projects, with contracts to be awarded later.

The total of \$1,139,851 was spent by the state during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, for support and improvement of its three corrective schools, a report by Controller Ray L. Riley on cost of government indicated. The total spent on Whittier State School was \$413,196, with \$144,388 spent on capital outlay and \$268,797 for expenses. On Preston School of Industry the state spent \$804,654, of which \$391,806 was for general expenses and \$212,850 for capital outlay. The Ventura School for Girls total expense was \$121,998, of which all but \$189 was for general expenses.

Completion of the work of the proposed San Rafael-Richmond bridge is expected in the latter part of 1933, according to George J. Calder, vice president of the American Toll Bridge Company, which will construct the span.

An application for the dissolution of the Modesto Creamery Company, with an authorized capital of \$50,000 is on file in the Superior Court. William Mullin, John H. Dunn, George R. Stoddard and Charles R. Tillson are directors of the corporation. H. M. Walshall is counsel for the petitioners.

The Vallejo city council voted to stop all boating, fishing and trespassing on the city property north of the diverting dam in Wild Horse Valley and at Gordon Valley. This is carrying out the suggestion of J. D. de Costa, the lower bay sanitary engineer, who was engaged by the commissioners to study the Vallejo water system.

Hunting in Gridley district has been practically stopped by lack of water. Gun clubs are unable to fill their ponds and rice fields are dry. A heavy rain, however, will draw large numbers of birds to the hunting fields and hunters are all ready to bag the limit right after the first good shower.

Alvin K. Matthews, formerly of Stockton and more recently of Santa Cruz, assumed new duties in Oakland, where he will be in charge of work in connection with the Luther Burbank Foundation Inc., a non-profit organization engaged in plans for taking over the home and gardens of the late Luther Burbank in Santa Rosa. The foundation plans to prevent the home and gardens from passing into private ownership and being commercialized. The home of the famous horticulturist will be maintained for the visiting public.

The famous Argonaut Mine at Jackson, scene of one of the worst mining tragedies in California history eight years ago, will be deepened 180 feet in search for new ore bodies, the State Mining Bureau announced. The present depth of the Argonaut on the inclined shaft is 5400 feet. Sinking operations are already under way on the new project.

Police believe they have broken up a copper wire theft ring with the arrest at Nimeshaw of Jack Burns and Guy Simkins, two of a gang of six men. The other four made their escape in the hills. According to Constable W. A. Ware of Paradise, who made the arrests, a large quantity of wire was found stored in the shack where the men were trapped. Numerous complaints of copper wire thefts have been received by police lately from Redding, Marysville and the local telephone company.

Los Angeles, lost in her battle before the United States Supreme Court to have railroads forced to build a \$10,000,000 union passenger station in the Plaza there. Chief Justice Taft delivered the opinion of the high court, holding that the Interstate Commerce Commission was without authority to order the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Southern Pacific and Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroads to build the union station. For ten years Los Angeles has been fighting to have the railroads build such a station.

Faced with \$50,000 loss in revenue through exemptions from gross receipts tax bases of mail contracts, the state considered possibility of tremendously larger losses if, by a constitutional quirk, the same principle is applied to rail line mail transportation. While Attorney General U. S. Webb disagrees with a recent court opinion holding that under the gross receipts tax on passenger and baggage carrying motor vehicles, contracts of stage lines cannot be used in computing taxes, he points out possibility that if this exemption is constitutional, the same privilege may be claimed by the rail lines carrying mail.

The Louis Hagen Post of the American Legion in El Cerrito is reported to be negotiating for the purchase of an old French chateau from Fred Gianella. The chateau containing 16 rooms is to be used as a club room by the veterans. Club rooms and living quarters for some of the members are planned.

Architects may form partnerships with persons who are not architects, Attorney General U. S. Webb stated in an opinion, as long as they abide by certain professional requirements set by the 1929 statutes. The law permits such partnerships providing that the name of the architect shall appear as the architect on all instruments of service and that in no case shall the other members of the partnership be designated as architects. These must be designated under their true title. In many cases an architect associates in business with a construction engineer or a building contractor. The State Board of Architecture insists that in such cases the specific qualifications of each partner be listed clearly for public reference. The Attorney General declared that it was illegal for a construction firm to use the name of a deceased architect in the firm name under the impression that his services were still involved.

A thousand toy rifles were turned out during the first week's run at the Ashland-avenue shop of the Toy Craftsmen, a company at Lindsay, that plans extensive manufacture of the patented repeating rifle designed by Ben Fisher of the Strathmore district. Additional installation of machinery will bring capacity of the plant to 2000 of the toy guns daily. The little guns use rubber bands cut from inner tubes, as ammunition, the released bands flying fifty feet or more. E. J. Foots, proprietor of the Foots planning mill is in charge of the manufacturing end.



### Just a Little Smile

A WHOPPER!  
The young farmers were boasting about the size of the vegetables they had grown. Finally, one of them turned to Uncle Seth.  
"What was the biggest thing you raised this year, Uncle Seth?"  
"A squash."  
"Well, how big was it?"  
"We never measured it," drawled Uncle Seth, "but we used the seeds for snowshoes."—Boston Transcript.

Clever Strategem  
"That was a great scheme old Kewie worked."  
"Didn't hear of it."  
"Give it out that the first of his eleven daughters to be married should have his entire fortune."  
"What was the result?"  
"Eleven elopements in one night. They can't decide which girl got married first, so Kewie gets rid of his daughters and keeps his fortune."

### CAUSE FOR WRINKLES



She—You go to college, don't you?  
He—No. This suit looks this way, because I slept in it last night.

Agitation  
The agitator brings us rest  
And custom is reversed.  
We should be Hoping for the Best—  
He makes us fear the worst.

A Puzzler  
Here was can again asking for an other check! Every month he spent at college was costing father more.  
"I and no idea," father said sternly, as he reached for his checkbook.  
"I have an education cost so much."  
"Oh, it's terribly high, father," was the reply.  
"And you know I'm one of those that studies the least!"

### NEVER LOST



He—My college was founded in 1894.  
She—I never even heard it was lost.

Prescriptions  
Bold oratory can display  
No cure for social ills.  
Financial genius has the way  
And sends a bunch of bills.

No Reason for It  
Author—I see you have my novel.  
I suppose you had a peep at the last page to see how it ended?  
Candid Woman—As a matter of fact, after reading two chapters I wondered why it began!

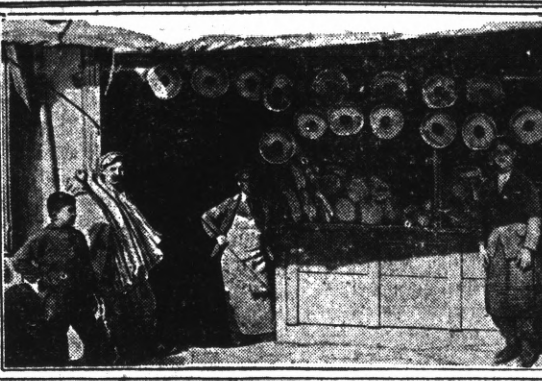
Saved!  
"Who's that behind us, Joe?" asked Fred at the wheel as a horn sounded.  
"Only a flapper in a sedan," Joe answered.  
Fred buried his wheel over, ran off the road, crashed into a fence, and up against a tree.  
"Thank heaven we escaped," he muttered.

Keeps to Itself  
Sandy—Money sure talks.  
Andy—But it never gives itself away.

Sees Resistance  
Clerk (showing customer golf stockings)—Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast color, holeproof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn.  
Customer—Yes, and very well told.  
—Wall Street Journal.

An Estimate  
Sedan—I hear you got a new car.  
What horsepower is your engine?  
Horsecar—It seems to be a scant one-horsepower, but it has a four donkeywheel horn.

## WHAT CRETE IS LIKE



A Bread Shop in Candia, Crete.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)  
SAIL from Piræus, port of Athens, skirt the islands of Melos and Antimelos, of the Cyclades group, and after 15 hours of sailing the mountainous profile of Crete comes into view.

The island has area of about 3,300 square miles, being 100 miles long and varying in width from 35 to 7 1/2 miles. But what matter 100 miles in length? They could be traversed in a few hours at most by railroad—if there were railroads. It takes days and days to cover Crete by land from one end to the other.

The more accessible sections of Crete are now covered with a network of fairly important highways, but in remote districts the traveler must use the traditional means of transportation—donkey or mule, over trails or uneven paths. And if it is necessary to adapt oneself to the fatigue and the needs of one's animals, it is also essential to take into account the aversion which every Cretan feels at the prospect of traveling at night.

The whole island is dominated by the mountains which intersect it. They include the Lassithi range in the east, with Mount Diets; the Psiloriti, with Mount Ida near the center of the island, and to the west the White mountains, locally, and rightly, named the "Desert of Stone." These peaks rise to more than 7,000 feet and are covered with snow in winter, but in summer and early autumn large herds of sheep graze on the slopes.

After the traveler leaves these herds, and the round stone huts where the solitary shepherds live, he may wander over many trails without meeting a living soul.

Then, from a mountain path, suddenly a great plain will come into view—like that of Lassithi, formerly occupied by a lake.  
On a broad, elevated pass one sometimes sees a straight line of windmills, occasionally as many as twenty or more, each placed in a specially advantageous position to catch all the wind which the large villages require. The peasants from the villages climb up to them with their donkeys laden with grain. On the other hand, along the steep mountain slopes water mills are built in the ravines. The mills run only in winter, for during summer there is no rain; hence no water.

Ancient Altars in Grottoes.  
While Crete has an extremely heavy rainfall, it is limited to the wet season, which commences in October or November. The water accumulates and rushes down the mountains in violent torrents; it penetrates the soil and circulates through a vast network of limestone grottoes. It was in these grottoes, now a fairland of stalactites and stalagmites, that the first inhabitants of the island established the worship of the gods. Today one finds among the rocks the altars and paraphernalia of ancient rites.

Some of these grottoes are veritable pits, into which one descends with the aid of ropes. One readily appreciates the impression they must have produced on the imagination of the men of other days, when one notes the respectful awe they still command. The natives in their folklore still people these caves with monstrous men and animals.

Villages dot the borders of the Cretan plains, and the inhabitants come to their doors and smilingly invite the passer-by to enter.

Occasionally one meets a peasant on his way to the village, carrying on his head a basket overflowing with grapes. He will stop, select the most beautiful cluster, and offer them to the stranger with touching simplicity.

In regions which are less protected from the elements, the locust tree grows, but it is bent and gnarled by its battle with the violent north wind. There are vineyards on the hillside and vegetables grow in the river beds, which are dry in summer, or on the thin layers of fertile soil which cover the stone of some of the sunshower plains. Irrigation is practiced intelligently; large windmills raise the water, or norias grind away as the water is raised pail by pail from wells.

Canes and Candia.  
Canes, surrounded by Venetian ramparts, is the capital of Crete; it is situated in the western part of the island.

Candia, farther to the east and also on the northern shore, is the only other city of commercial importance. During the Venetian occupation of the island this stronghold was known as Megalo Castro (Great Fortress); but

## Mothers find it magic for scuffs

One touch of the dauber and scuffs disappear. Smooth, uniform color comes back to faded shoes. More than 20 marvelous shades—70 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

**BARTON'S DYANSHINE**  
SHOE POLISH



Things We Don't See  
So many of us go through the day and hardly notice the sparkle of sunlight on a lake or goblet, the majestic angles cast by a skyscraper or a picket fence, the grace of a dandelion turned white and fluffy, of a gray road winding over a hill.—Woman's Home Companion.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

Fishing Pond on Roof  
A recently constructed building of Portland, Ore., has a real fishing pond on the roof for the accommodation of city residents who are unable to get into the country for a fishing experience. The pond is surrounded with growths which give it the appearance of nature and it answers many purposes.

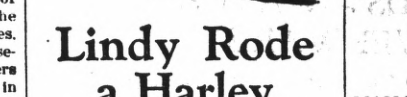
Burning Skin Diseases  
quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolicum. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 50c and 80c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Easy to Select  
It's reported that only one book was published in Turkey during the last year. The "book of the year club" couldn't make any mistakes over there.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



**UGLY PIMPLES?**  
Your complexion and natural beauty are ruined by pimples. They are caused by impurities in the blood. They are cured by using Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are sold everywhere. Write for free literature. Box 10, New York, N. Y.

**NR 10-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT



## Lindy Rode a Harley

Buy a motorcycle and crowd the year with real sport.  
Zoom over the hills!  
Zip around the corners!  
O! Boy! Experience that thrill on a world-favorite Harley-Davidson.  
Only a cent a mile, too!

Write for our catalog of good re-conditioned motorcycles, also, time payment plan. Other information—no obligation.

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Industrial Term  
Cartel is a name applied to practically all forms of industrial combinations in Europe. Production cartels aim primarily at joint regulation or control of production. Their main purpose is to prevent overproduction. The selling cartel is one in which a single sales agency handles all or part of the output of the individual member plants. Price-fixing is generally included in its activities.

Who Wants to be Bald?  
Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles  
**W. H. Forst, Mfg.** Write for Information  
**Scottdale, Penna.**

**GRAY'S**  
FOR 100 YEARS  
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If your local druggist hasn't it, send coupon for Dr. W. F. GRAY Co., Nashville, Tenn.

## Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

## To Cool a Burn

Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Become a Herbalist. Correspondence course teaching value of herbs. Tells how to combine and use them. Write: Dominick Herbol College, 18 W. Hastings, Vancouver, Canada.

Removet and Shapess Wrinkled Ties Like New. Fast seller. Everyone buys from 3 to 6. Big money daily. Special to agents. Ask for two. Sewell, 1236 Clybourne Ave., Chicago.

Citrus Land at Burn Prices account owner's death. Temperature right. Old water. \$6 to 16 acres. N. Osh. R. L. Dougherty, Men. Ariz.

Furniture repair shop and add job business. 12 residence units of 2,500 sq. ft. San Francisco. Complete mechanical equipment for general repairing, keyfitting, sawing, etc. Can develop used furniture bus. \$950 full price. Owner E. B. Barber, "The Workshop," Mill Valley, Calif.

Proven Prescriptions  
For diseases of Poultry, live stock, dogs, pigs. Tested formulas for Toilet, Household and Medicinal preparations. Make them yourself. Sell others.

Write for free list NOW.

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 51-1929.

### Anger Shows Weakness

The angriest person in a controversy is the one most likely to be in the wrong.—Tilston.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

Some of the pretty roads in this country are the unpaved ones, where a rural pedestrian dare walk.



# Left Study of Law to

**Write Songs That Live**  
One of the songs that mother sang long ago it seems, began: "Darby dove, we are old and gray; fifty years since our wedding day." A plaintive melody it was that, carried the sad-sung of his rounds. United States fishermen still march to and sing of "Merry Lee who waves her hands across the quay." Wherever English-speaking sailors gather the song is sung. More modern are "The Holy City," "Ship of My Dreams" and "Home of Myself." All are the work of an Englishman.

Frederick Edward Weatherly was his name. He was born October 4, 1848; graduated from Brasenose college, Oxford, in 1871; admitted to the bar, inner temple, London, 1887. Thereafter he turned poet and wrote the songs of the English-speaking world and few who would look after his law. Only a few of his more famous songs have been named here. It is not to be wondered at that of his large output many have been forgotten. The wonder is rather that a man trained in the dry and dusty intricacies of law should have created songs so near to being immortal. In the sphere at least of living a long time.—St. Paul Dispatch.

# Won Mate From Hangman, According to Old Law

There used to be one certain method of interest for the life of a criminal sentenced to death in New York state. All that was necessary, says the New York Sun, was for an unmarried woman, clad only in a chemise, to go to the gallows at the time the trap was scheduled to be sprung. Intercede with the sheriff in charge and promise to marry the condemned.

The sheriff then had no alternative under the law as it then stood. It was a curious old law, based upon nobody knows what, and apparently a handdown from the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam. But the woman, to qualify as the prisoner's savior, had to be unmarried, had to be without all articles of clothing except the specifically required chemise and had to promise to marry on the spot.

On one known occasion an unmarried woman, qualifying on all points, availed herself of the privilege conferred by the ancient law. It was in May, 1784, when Marinus Willett, subsequently mayor of New York, was sheriff. Sheriff Willett scratched his head, looked up the law and committed the death sentence into a life partnership between the condemned and his fair intercessor.

# THE TERMINAL

GEO. W. RYAN - Publisher and Editor.  
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY  
Established in 1903  
Legal City and County Paper

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Terms of Subscription:  
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1929

President Hoover has won the confidence of the farmer and business man alike and will make possible a co-operation between the two that will result in one of the greatest economic advances the country ever has known, said Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, leader of the Senate farm bloc. He also said "Hoover is the best president that this country has had in many years."

It is often remarked by the hard-boiled pessimist that the world is still cockeyed. President Hoover is the optimist who will see that this ocular delusion or defect is quickly adjusted.

Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas introduced a bill in the Senate October 7, 1929 providing that the buyers of liquor be guilty of felony as well as the seller.

California has 3d place in United States building volume. New York construction permits show \$59,972,976. California construction permits show \$19,920,443. Texas construction permits show \$9,210,204.

Vegetarians are happy. Thrain just came in time to save the day for them.

In an ordinary newspaper column there are 10,000 pieces of type there are seven wrong position that a letter may be put in; there are 70,000 chances to make an error and millions of chances for transpositions. In the short sentence "to be or not to be," by transpositions alone, it is possible to make 2,759,022 errors.

**My Creed**  
Happiness is the only good.  
The place to be happy is here.  
The time to be happy is now.  
The way to be happy is to make others so.  
—Robert G. Ingersoll.

**Christmas Tree Fire Hazards**  
Don't purchase a tree that has been sprayed with any sort of liquid to keep it fresh.  
"Don't use inflammable decorations."  
"Don't use cotton snow."  
"Don't use candle decorations."  
"Don't allow your decorations to come in contact with the tiny electric lights."  
"Don't allow Christmas decorations to become dry—dispose of them immediately after the holidays."  
The decorating of Christmas trees should be supervised by someone who knows something about fire hazards. The use of cotton, how to handle the electric fixtures, what material is combustible, and how to guard against the unexpected in fire catastrophes, require the utmost precautions.

The Terminal is on file in the Capitol Library in Washington D. C., also in the State Library at Sacramento. It is also on file in all the public libraries of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Martinez, Richmond and all the Chambers of Commerce. No daily papers are extended this privilege as the work of filing becomes too cumbersome. The once a week publications are favored because of the convenience and their contents being summarized for the entire week.

**THE TERMINAL**  
WILL PRINT IT FOR YOU WHILE YOU WAIT  
**JOB OFFICE**  
314 6th Street  
(Next door to Western Union Telegraph)

# "It May Be True"

(Contributed by J.E.C.)

A pessimistic correspondent says he can remember when political graft was 5% and 10%, taxes 1%. Eggs were 3 doz for 25c; butter 10c per pound; milk was 5c a quart, the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids with bologna; the hired girl received \$2.00 a week and she did the washing; women did not powder and paint (in public), smoke, vote, play poker or shimmy. Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spit on the sidewalk and cussed; beer was 5c and the lunch was free. Laborers worked 10 hours a day and never went on strike; no tips were given to waiters and the hat-check grafter was unknown; a kerosene lamp and a telescope in the parlor were luxuries; no one was ever operated on for appendicitis or bought glands, microbes were unheard of; folks lived to a good old age and every year walked miles to wish their friends a Merry Christmas.

Today, you know political graft is "fifty-fifty," taxes 10% or over, everybody rides in automobiles or flies, plays golf, shoots craps, plays the piano with their feet, goes to the movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks moonshine, blames the high cost of living on the Republicans, never go to bed the same day they get up, and think they are having a wonderful time. These are the days of suffragette, profiteering, excess taxes, a million laws, and prohibition. They should hold us for a while.

Get yourself a yellow plate. Three bucks. And just look at the way you'll have riding.

Christmas turkeys are going down at 35c, it is reported.

An auto for a Christmas present, this time. Next year it may be an airplane.

**COACH AT MEXICO**

Reginald Dean Root, former Yale football star and line coach on the Yale team, who has arrived in Mexico City to take up his new duties as coach at the University of Mexico.

**Ancient Churn**  
An ancient horse-driven churn, from Doughton Manor farm has been given to the museum at South Kensington, England. The machinery, with all its gear wheels, is of wood. The horse walked round in a circle about 15 feet across, and the churn held 60 gallons. It produced more than five hundredweight of butter a week.

Pacific Grove, once the model city morally, but how different now. Just like any other up to date town.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the First National Bank in Richmond, located at Richmond, California, will be held at this office on Tuesday, January 14, 1930, at 4 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing directors to serve for the ensuing year, and such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Richmond, Calif., December 13, 1929.  
FRED CAUBLE,  
Secretary.

The Terminal newspaper is in demand and there is a reason. The people want to know the real facts, and they are getting them in The Terminal. Hundreds of Terminals are being circulated. The Terminal telephone is busy answering calls or the paper. The Terminal has a fund of information, facts concerning the "inner workings" of city government that will be interesting reading to taxpayers. Send in your subscription now. You will get the latest information in THE TERMINAL.

# "Number 7, Take Siding"

(Continued from page 1)

backwards to the office boy. And that Overland pulling ten cars, five of them standard Pullmans, and a heavy storm and slippery rails.

"But orders are orders, so Seven lights out, and when she gets rolling good, is making forty easy, and it isn't long before we are running into the Delta country."

"We all know the orders. 'Take siding at Hurd. Let Forty-two pass.' Even the colored chair car porter knew, for he had helped the two brakemen swear, when the engineer and conductor had run down, so we all knew we had to head in at Hurd and let that damned little local, pulling three light coaches, have right of way."

was standing in the aisle just inside the back door of the last sleeper, chatting with the rear brakie, the Pullman conductor and two passengers, when suddenly we felt the trucks under us chatter over a switch.

"That's our meeting point. We'll hit Forty-two sure as hell," the brakie sprang out, and jumps for the cord. The engineer "gets him" instantly, and in a split second he throws the air into her and mighty near stands that train on end, and with her wheels and brakes screaming and grinding, we slide ahead on the main line square in the path of Forty-two and our rear end clears the last switch before the train finally comes to a full stop. The brakie is already out on the back platform with the vestibule door open and as we slide over the switch he drops off and throws it for the siding.

Then the engineer starts fighting his heavy train into motion. Streams of living flame shoot up from the spinning drivers while for an instant that seems an eternity, the train stands motionless. Then the drivers bite. The train starts moving, slowly, oh, so slowly. We look ahead and around the bend we can see the smoke of Forty-two above the tules and willows that obscure the train itself. Will we make it in time? Will the engineer get the train rolling and in the clear? The storm is dead ahead, and it makes the backing looms closer. We each hold our breath as the rear sleeper rolls into the siding. And now a strange thing happens. The heavy wind and rain that had been retarding us stopped as suddenly as if the Master Engineer had reached down and grasped them in His restraining hand.

Now she rolls faster. Another car clears, and another, but that smoke ahead is much closer now. Good God, she will never make it. But she's rolling faster now. The restraining wind is gone and that helps. Backward, faster, now the baggage car clears the switch, now the express and mail cars are in the clear, and now the engine is entering, when out of the tules and the willows, Forty-two's engine bursts into view coming down on us like a switch ready to bite. The brakie is at the switch almost under the engine, as Forty-two roars down upon us, and shoots past, running like a scared wolf, and we beat death by hiry seconds.

"God, what a close call," Bill blurts out.

"I'll say it and that's what the crew thought. We were all badly frightened even though it ended all right."

But how did both the engineer and conductor happen to overlook their orders," Bill asks.

"The conductor was taking a nap in the smoker, which he had no business doing, especially with meeting orders in his pocket, so that explains him, but the engineer just had one of those mental blind spots come over him. A rattling good man and mighty efficient, but he slipped up for just a second that might have been fatal."

"Well, anyhow, since it came out all right and no accident really had happened, we figured we would hush the whole affair up and not let headquarters find out. So we passed the word to the crew of Forty-two, and all the boys agreed to keep their mouths shut. The passengers didn't seem to realize what had happened, or rather what almost happened, except, of course, the two gentlemen with whom we had been chatting in the rear Pullman when we had recognized the switch we had pounded over, and the brakie had jumped for the cord. They joined our group knew what had gone wrong, we talked freely to them. They agreed with us that since nothing serious had come of it, it was just as well to keep quiet about the whole affair, and they gave us their word, that as passengers, they would do their part by forgetting the matter."

The colored chair car porter was still pale and the head brakie said he had turned white when Forty-two was nearly on us.

The crew wanted to keep their jobs but they sure would have got canned if the company ever got wise. Of course, every one knows that running past a meeting point is serious business, but it did look as if the fright the crew got was enough punishment, but the company didn't see it that way when they finally found out.

"How could they find out if all you fellows kept quiet," Bill asks.

"From the colored chair car porter. About two months later he took a vacation to Los Angeles. He was one of those guys that are always trying to get in with the big bosses and don't much care how he goes about it. So he made it his business to visit headquarters while there and spill the whole story."

"Well that — Of course they went after the crew then?"

"Yes, they sure did. The whole gang was put on the carpet, and given a chance to clear themselves, but they couldn't quite do it. They looked, and punishment was passed out according to railroad standards, except the rear brakie, who came through with flying colors." The engineer and conductor were both "encalced."

That crew certainly got a tough break, but wouldn't I like to beat up that nigger," says Bill. "But I don't see where any human feelings, or consideration from the big bosses comes in if they fired the crew."

"Right here," I says. "Do you remember we were talking with a couple of passengers, when we overlooked our meeting point? Do you remember they joined up in thinking it just as well to keep quiet and that they promised to forget the whole matter? A long time afterwards I found out entirely by accident that those two passengers were company officials from eastern headquarters, and they had kept faith with the boys and kept their mouths shut as they had promised." And if that don't show human consideration for the under dog what in Heaven's name does?"

"Those guys were certainly white, and I take back what I said about the big boys, for those two men certainly proved your point, but I certainly would like to take a poke at that nigger porter. Did he get a raise or promotion for telling?"

"That's the funny part of the whole thing, Bill," I says, "and it shows a lot more of that human feeling we have been talking about. They fired the nigger for telling."

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"That's the funny part of the whole thing, Bill," I says, "and it shows a lot more of that human feeling we have been talking about. They fired the nigger for telling."

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# LEGAL NOTICES

# SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, No. 15587.

W. N. Bowyer, plaintiff, vs. Philip Sojat, J. N. Lillgren, Loretta B. Morrell, C. B. Clark, as administrators with the Will annexed of the Estate of Frank S. Soito, deceased, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe, Fourth Doe and Fifth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County of Contra Costa.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Philip Sojat, J. N. Lillgren, Loretta B. Morrell, C. B. Clark, as administrators with the will annexed of the Estate of Frank S. Soito, deceased, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe, Fourth Doe and Fifth Doe, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment against you for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, this 27th day of September, A. D., 1929.

[SEAL] J. H. WELLS, Clerk.  
By W. T. Paasch, Deputy Clerk.  
George T. Markley, 924 Main Street, Martinez, California, attorney for plaintiff.  
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# SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, Zeb Knott, plaintiff, vs. Joseph Fleming, Richmond Homes Incorporated, a corporation, Edgar Henson, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Blue and Black-White Company, defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County of Contra Costa.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Fleming, Richmond Homes Incorporated, a corporation, Edgar Henson, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mary Blue and Black-White Company, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment against you for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Contra Costa, State of California, this 1st day of November, A. D., 1929.

[SEAL] J. H. WELLS, Clerk.  
By L. R. Geyer, Deputy Clerk.  
Hiram R. Jacobs, Esq., attorney for plaintiff, American Trust Bldg., Richmond, Calif. n22-108

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